



NO. 3

MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE™

THE SWORN
OF FLAWS
PART 3



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THE SWORD OF FLAWS

PART 3

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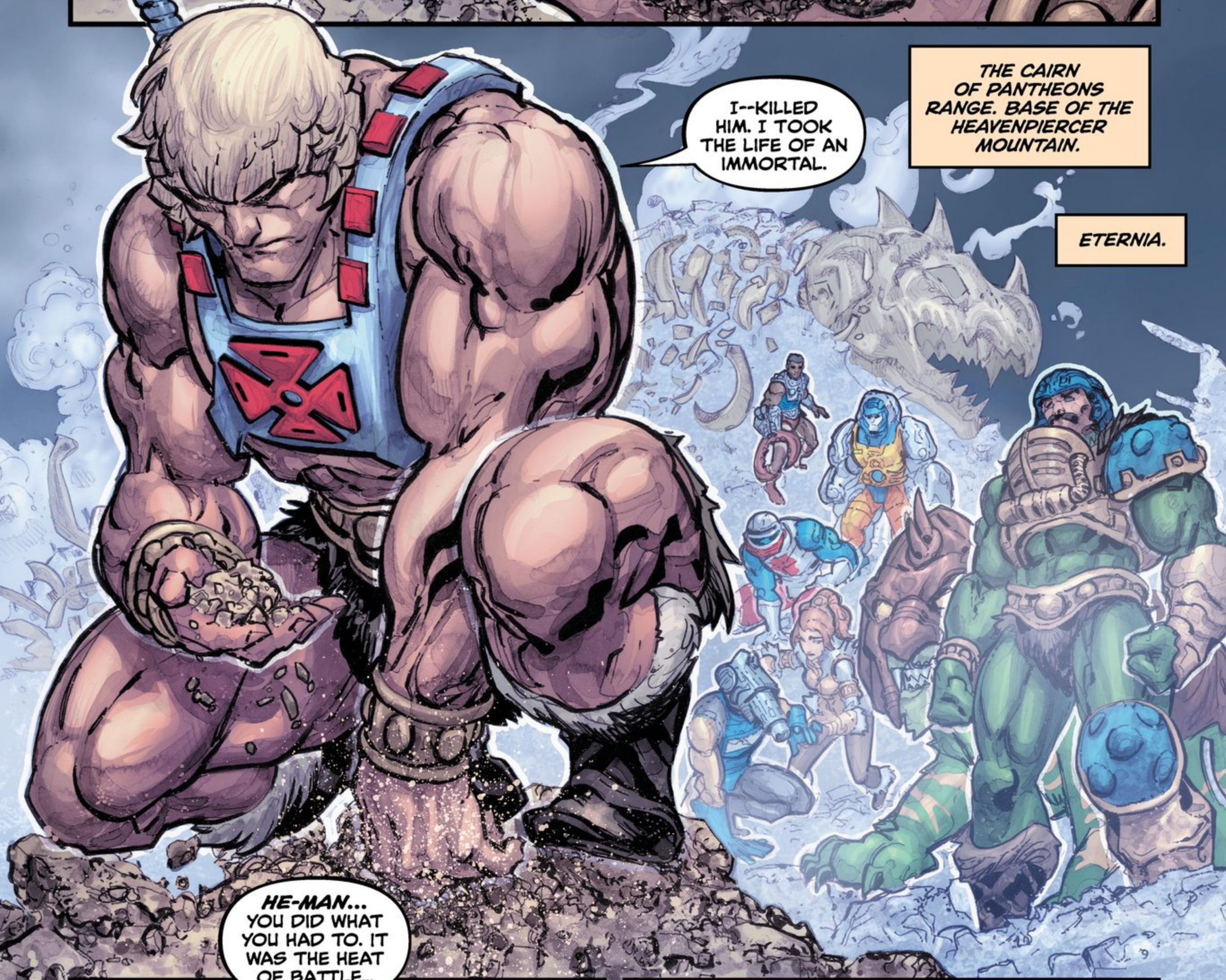


THIS
WAS A
GOD.

I--KILLED
HIM. I TOOK
THE LIFE OF AN
IMMORTAL.

THE CAIRN
OF PANTHEONS
RANGE. BASE OF THE
HEAVENPIERCER
MOUNTAIN.

ETERNIA.



HE-MAN...
YOU DID WHAT
YOU HAD TO. IT
WAS THE HEAT
OF BATTLE...

IT WASN'T YOU. IT
WAS ME. I DRAINED HIM.
CAUSED THE FLAW IN
HIS ARMOR...

NO.



THE MURDERER IS
THIS LIFE-DRAINING
VIOLET BLADE.

THE FASTER
WE GET TO IT,
THE BETTER.





FIRST, WE'VE GOT WOUNDED TO TEND TO. **TEELA**, HOW'S THE **STRIDOR**?

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

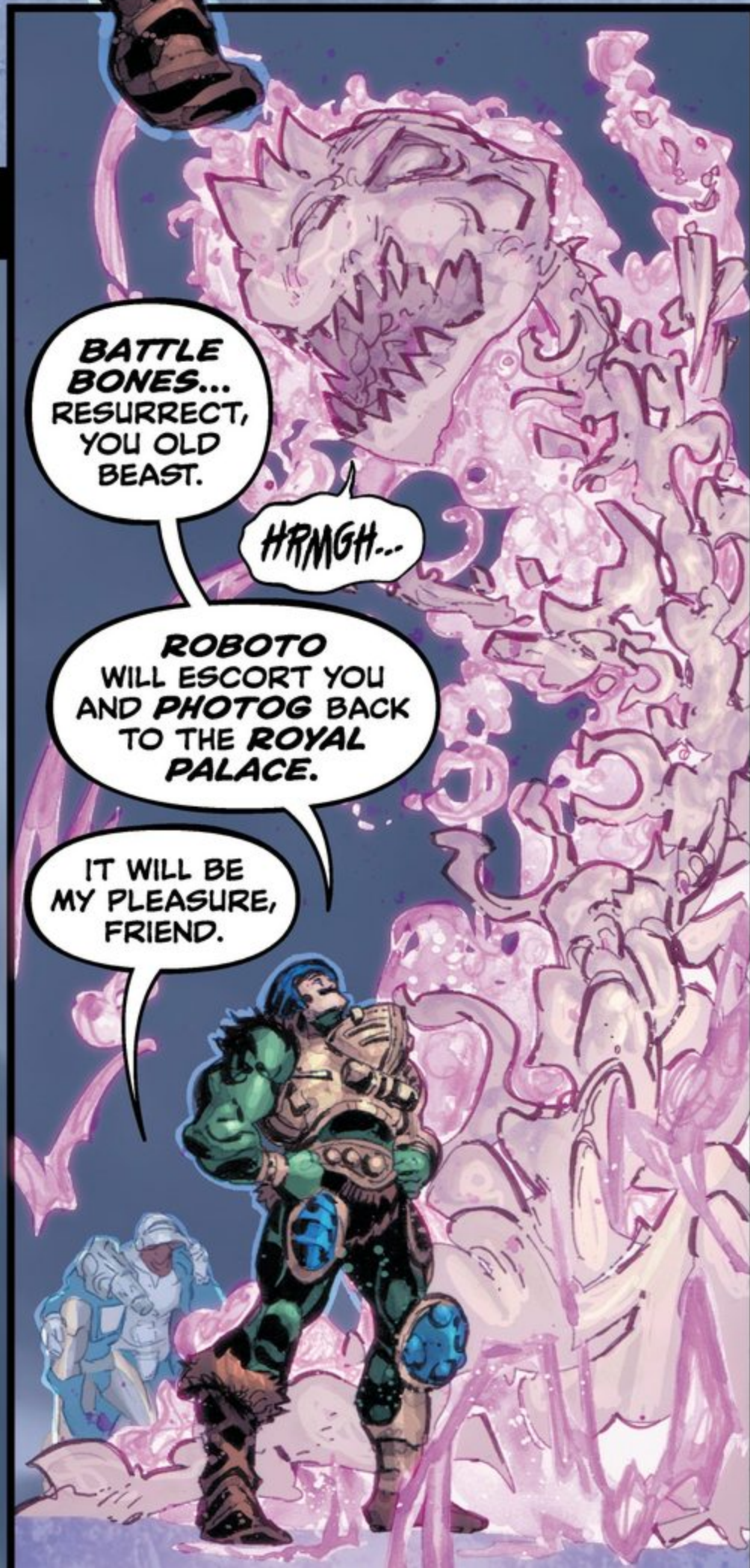
TOO DAMAGED TO GO ON, DAD.

COMPLETE SHUTDOWN INITIATED.

NEIINN...

TEK

GOOD NIGHT, GIRL.

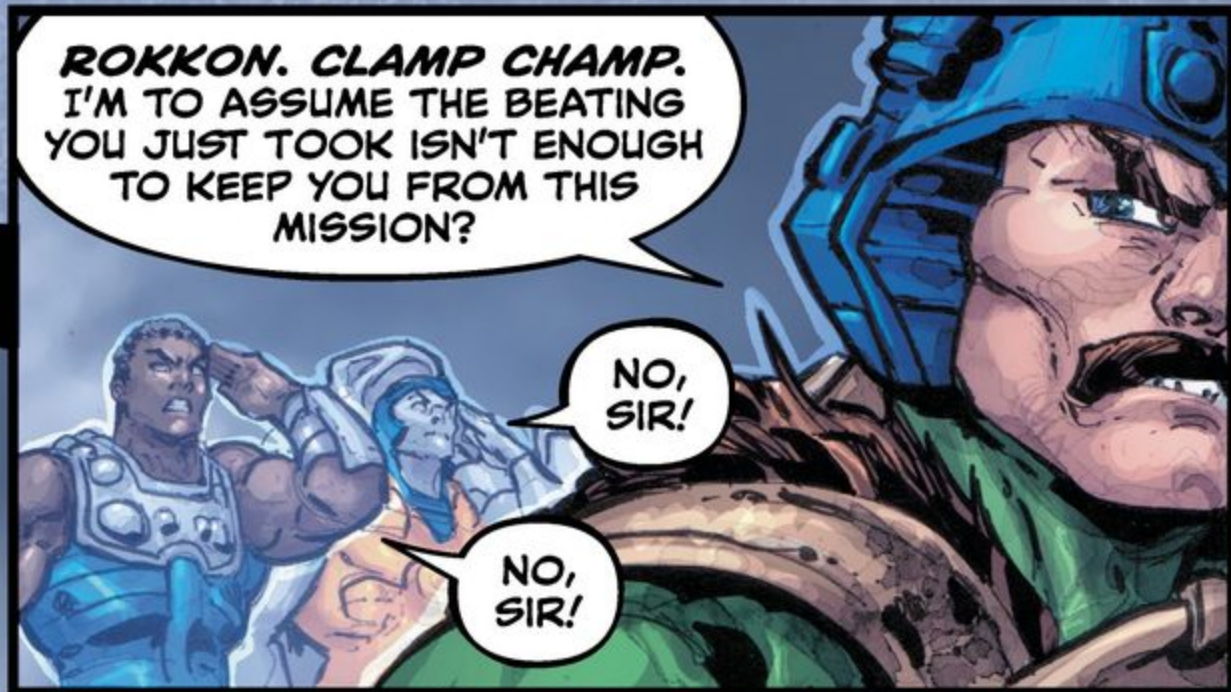


BATTLE BONES... RESURRECT, YOU OLD BEAST.

HRNGH...

ROBOTO WILL ESCORT YOU AND **PHOTOG** BACK TO THE **ROYAL PALACE**.

IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE, FRIEND.



ROKKON. CLAMP CHAMP. I'M TO ASSUME THE BEATING YOU JUST TOOK ISN'T ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU FROM THIS MISSION?

NO, SIR!

NO, SIR!

GOOD. AND YOU, **HE-MAN**? THE **BLADE** RESEMBLES YOUR OWN. WE NEED YOUR EXPERTISE...



DUNCAN, MY STRENGTH IS TOO GREAT. I COULD GET SOMEONE ELSE KILLED...



LISTEN. THE STRENGTH, THE POWER, THE GLORY... BEING HE-MAN HAS BEEN FUN SO FAR, ADAM.

NOW YOUR SWORD FEELS HEAVY. THIS IS WHAT IT IS TO BE A SOLDIER. BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO CARRY THE BURDEN BY YOURSELF...



RRRR.

YOU ARE NOT... ALONE.



THANKS, BATTLE CAT.



MAN-AT-ARMS IS RIGHT. THE SWORD LOOKS LIKE MY OWN. BUT I WENT TO CASTLE GRAYSKULL, AND NOT EVEN THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS COULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS, OR WHERE IT COMES FROM.



THE VIOLET BLADE HURT GOOD MEN. STRATOS. MEKANECK. STROBO.

FEARLESS PHOTOG. IT WEAKENED GREAT PROCRUSTUS, AND NOW HIS DUST MIXES WITH THE MOUNTAINS HIS MANY ARMS ONCE HELD UP.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SWORD IS...



BUT I KNOW
THE SORCERESS
AND **ORKO** WILL DO
WHATEVER IT TAKES
TO DISCOVER ITS
ORIGINS.

AND I KNOW
IT CAN'T END UP
IN SKELETOR'S
HANDS.

ELSEWHERE.

ORKO! WE
FALL THROUGH
THE ABYSS NO
LONGER!

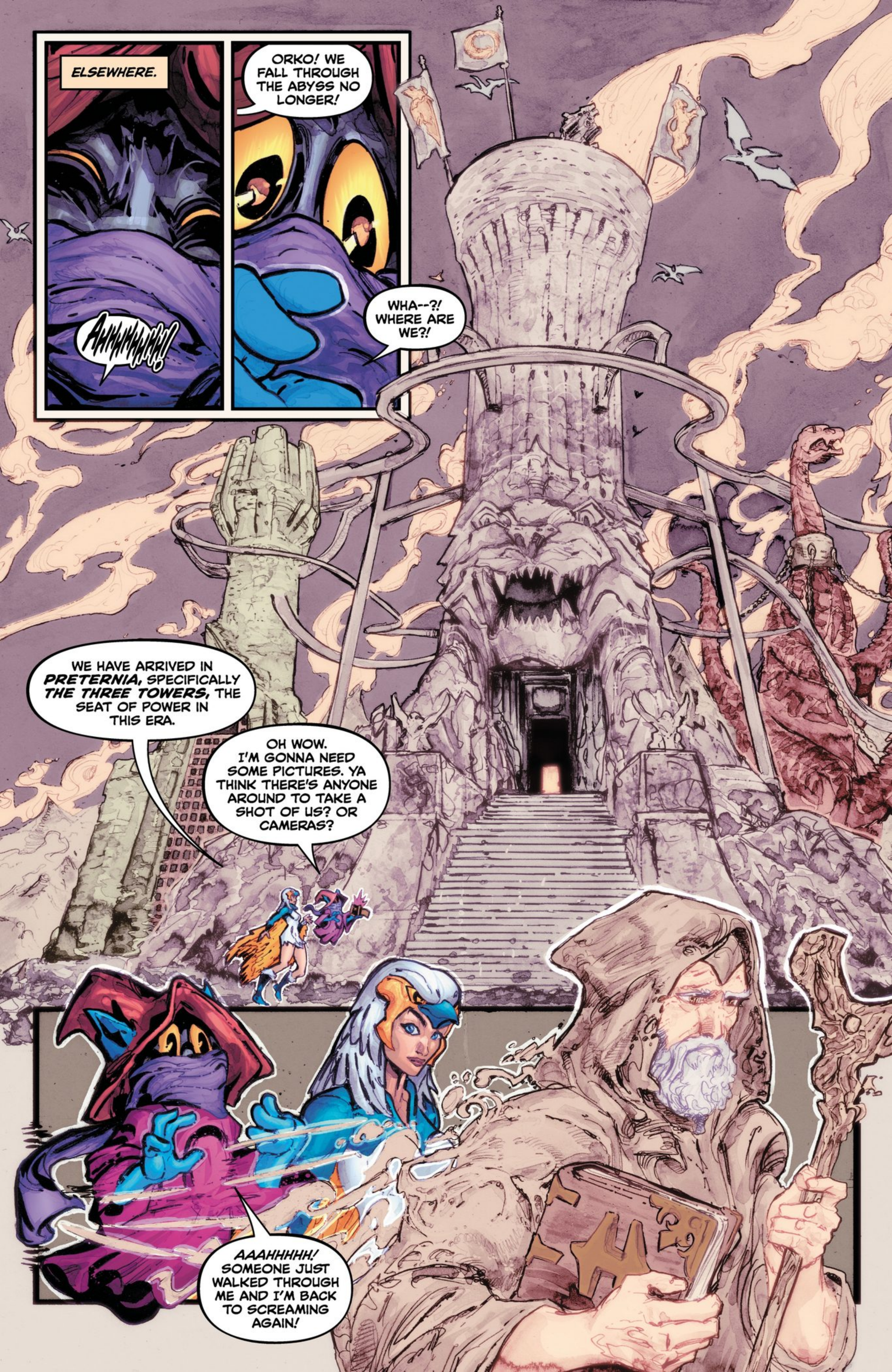
AAAAHHHHH!

WHA--?!
WHERE ARE
WE?!

WE HAVE ARRIVED IN
PRETERNIA, SPECIFICALLY
THE THREE TOWERS, THE
SEAT OF POWER IN
THIS ERA.

OH WOW.
I'M GONNA NEED
SOME PICTURES. YA
THINK THERE'S ANYONE
AROUND TO TAKE A
SHOT OF US? OR
CAMERAS?

AAAAHHHHH!
SOMEONE JUST
WALKED THROUGH
ME AND I'M BACK
TO SCREAMING
AGAIN!





WE ARE PHANTOMS OUT OF TIME, OUR PRESENCE HERE IMPERCEPTIBLE TO THIS ERA'S RESIDENTS.

ALL PARTS ACCOUNTED FOR. WHO WAS THAT GUY I JUST SHARED A WEIRDLY INTIMATE MOMENT WITH?

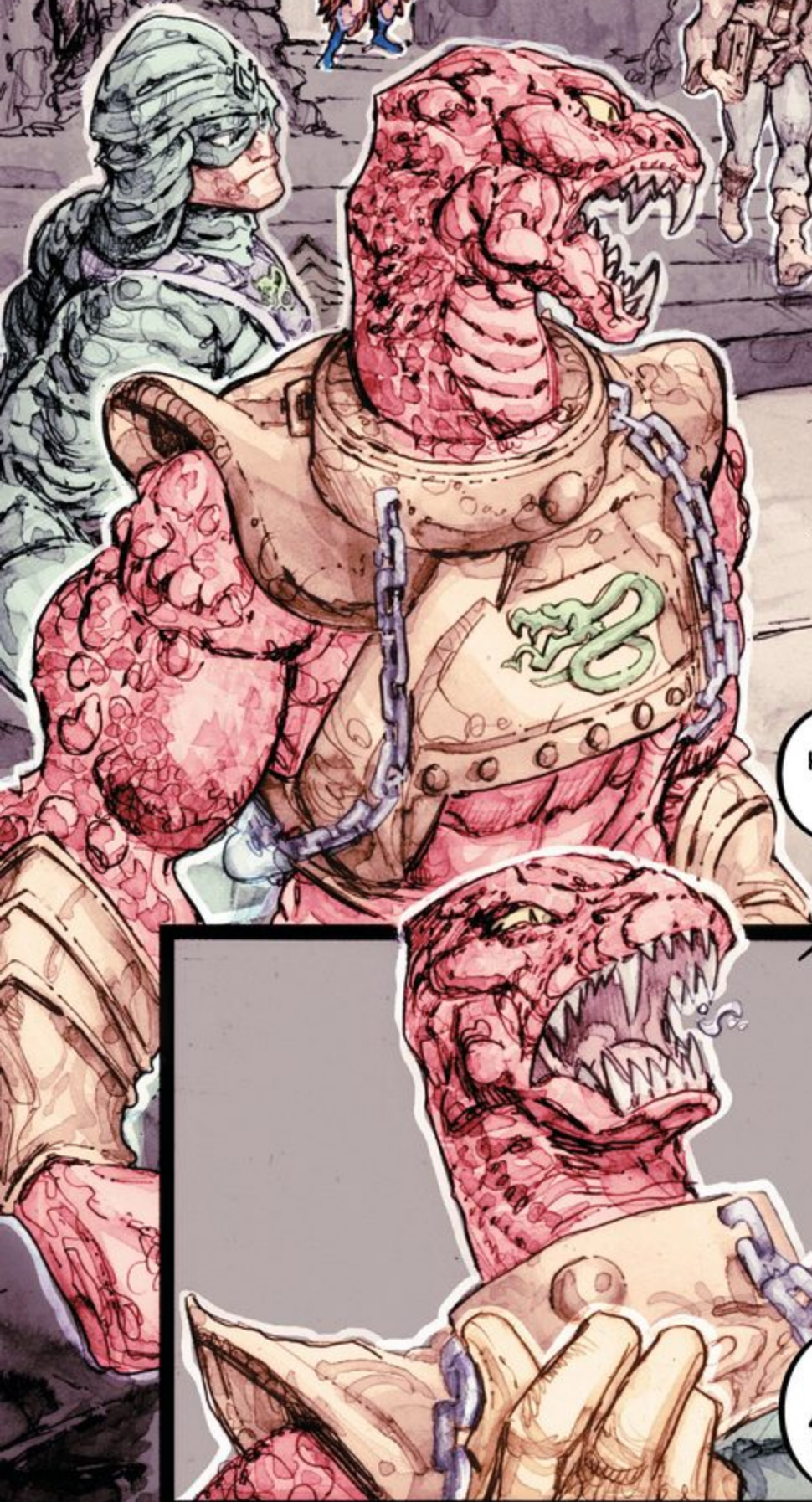


ELDOR, KEEPER OF THE BOOK OF LIVING SPELLS, AND PRACTITIONER OF THE MAGIC OF LIGHT.

YES, YES, I'M LATE, I KNOW. BUT LONG YEARS MAKE FOR SHORTER STRIDES, AND MUCH SMALLER BLADDERS.

IT SEEMS OUR JOURNEY HAS LED US TO A MEETING OF THE QUADRANT OF POWERS.

I TRUST MY APPRENTICE KEPT YOU ALL ENTERTAINED. DID YOU TELL THE JOKE ABOUT THE STEGOSAUR AND THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MILK HIM, GRAY?



THE SNAKE MEN HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR VAUDEVILLE ROUTINE, ELDOR.

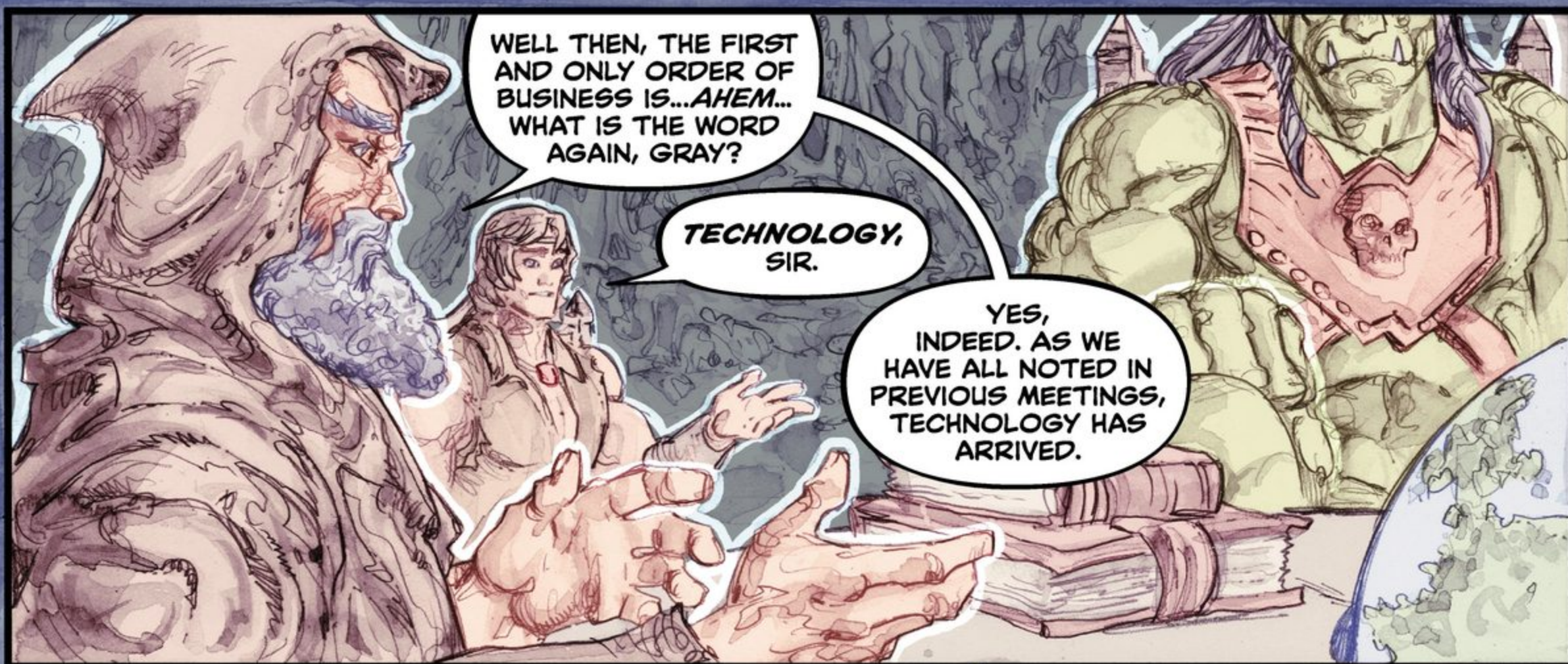
IF WE COULD PROCEED, I'M SURE THE DARK MAGES AND GIANTS HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO ATTEND TO.



HEY, I KNOW THAT GUY.

LORD HISS, CHAMBERLAIN OF VYPOR...BEFORE HE BECAME KING OF THE SNAKE MEN.

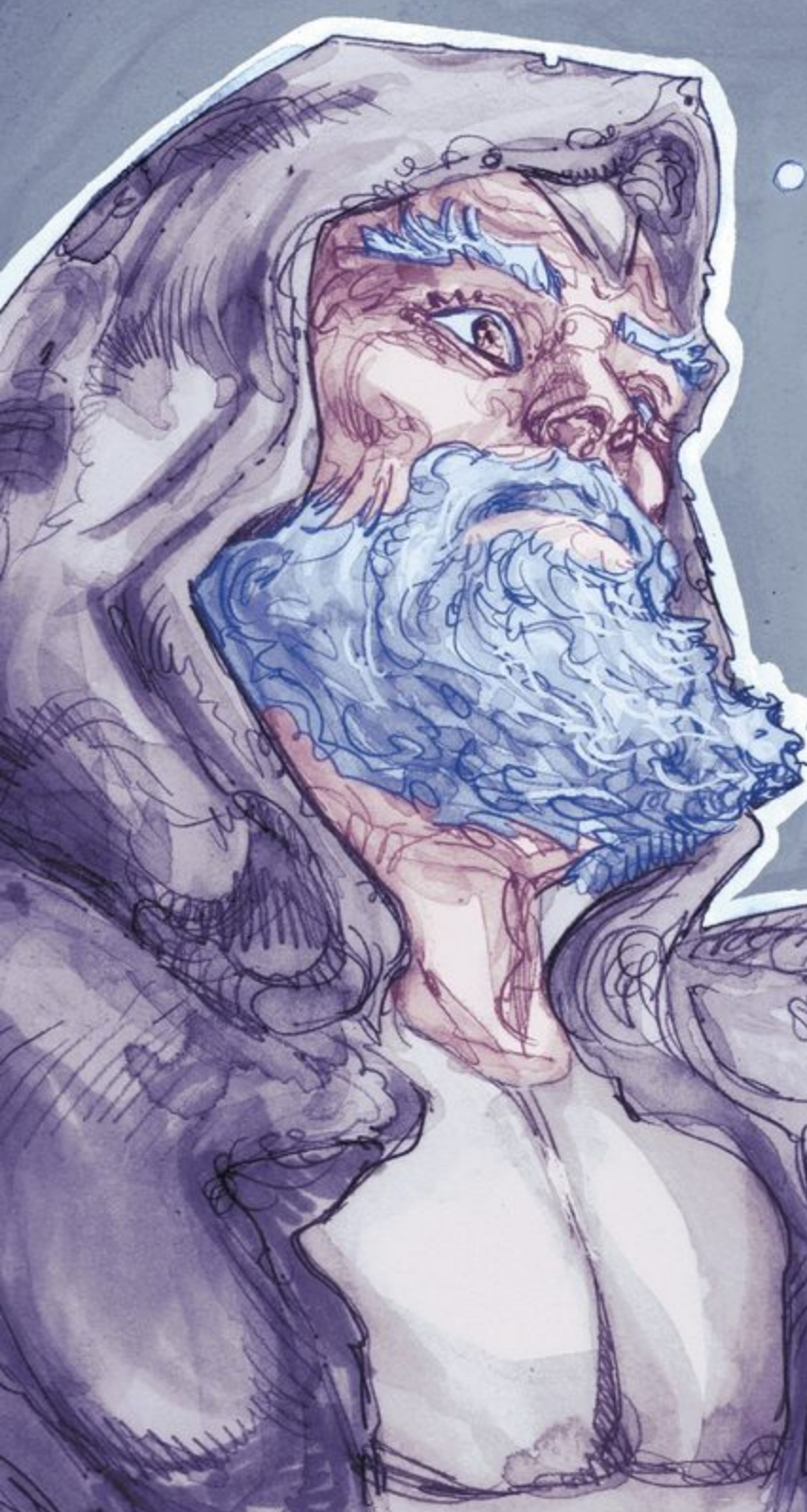




WELL THEN, THE FIRST
AND ONLY ORDER OF
BUSINESS IS...*AHEM*...
WHAT IS THE WORD
AGAIN, GRAY?

TECHNOLOGY,
SIR.

YES,
INDEED. AS WE
HAVE ALL NOTED IN
PREVIOUS MEETINGS,
TECHNOLOGY HAS
ARRIVED.



MACHINES
MADE BY THE HANDS
OF MEN, WHICH CAN MOVE
LIKE THE WIND, ENHANCE
DINOSAURS, AND FIND
THE ANSWER TO ANY
QUESTION.

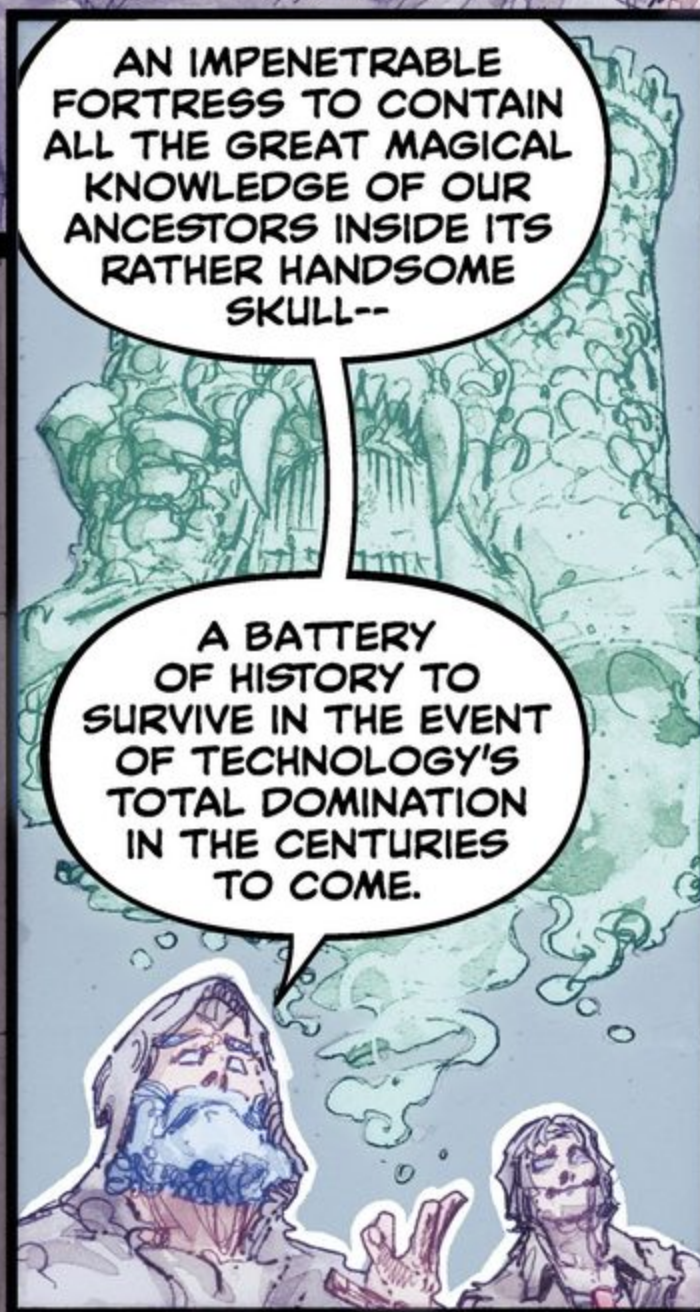
BUT
AN ANSWER
THAT IS NEITHER
WISDOM NOR
HISTORY.



AND SO I HAVE
CONVENED WITH
GRAY. WHO IS A
SUH...SCY--

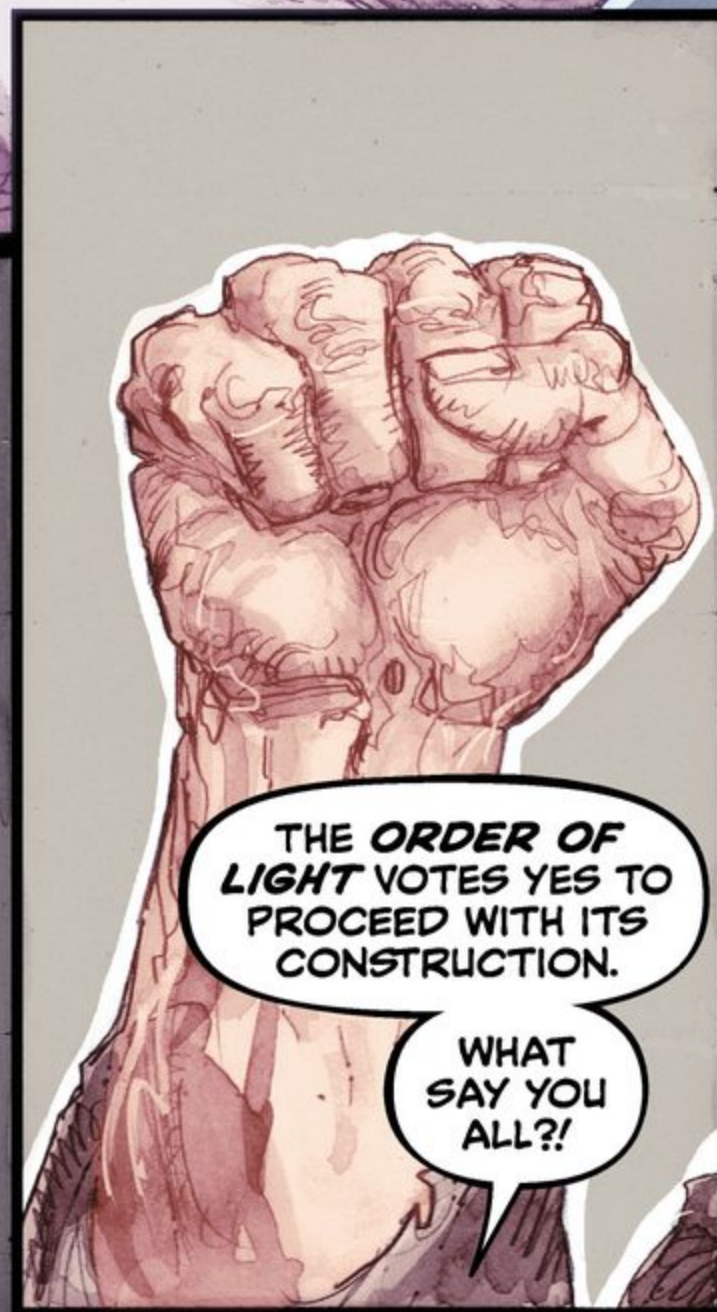
SCIENTIST AND
ENGINEER, SIR.

YES, *THAT*,
TO COMMISSION
THE CREATION
OF A *KEEP*.



AN IMPENETRABLE
FORTRESS TO CONTAIN
ALL THE GREAT MAGICAL
KNOWLEDGE OF OUR
ANCESTORS INSIDE ITS
RATHER HANDSOME
SKULL--

A BATTERY
OF HISTORY TO
SURVIVE IN THE EVENT
OF TECHNOLOGY'S
TOTAL DOMINATION
IN THE CENTURIES
TO COME.



THE **ORDER OF
LIGHT** VOTES YES TO
PROCEED WITH ITS
CONSTRUCTION.

WHAT
SAY YOU
ALL?!



TYTUS AND
MEGATOR,
MEN OF THE
FIRST AGE,
VOTE YES.



DEMO-MAN
AND CRIMSON
COUNTESS,
THE ORDER OF
THE DARK,
VOTE YES.



THE
**SNAKE
MEN**
VOTE--

EXCUSE ME,
SIRE...JUST ONE
QUESTION I'M SURE
YOU, IN YOUR GREAT
WISDOM, WERE
CONSIDERING...



THIS
RESERVOIR IS
PURE, UNFILTERED
MAGICAL ENERGY, IS
IT NOT? ALL POWER
AT ONCE IN ONE
PLACE?

YES, BUT
IT IS MEANT TO
BE SHARED FOR
THE BENEFIT OF
THE WORLD.



ASSUREDLY.
BUT WOULD NOT
A SINGLE BEARER
OF IT BE THE MOST
**POWERFUL
MAN IN THE
UNIVERSE?**



WELL...YES...
I SUPPOSE HE
WOULD. BUT THIS
IS MEANT TO BE
SHARED BY
MANY.

WHAT
ONE MAN
WOULD WANT
ALL OF THAT
POWER?



WE SEEK THE ORIGIN OF THE VIOLET BLADE. BUT ALL OF THIS IS AVAILABLE KNOWLEDGE. WHY WOULD **CASTLE GRAYSKULL** SEND US TO WITNESS HISTORY WE ALREADY KNEW?

HM.



THE **QUADRANT OF POWERS** IS ADJOURNED. GRAY'S SKULL WILL BE BUILT...



I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, SORCERESS, BUT I'VE DONE A LOT OF MAGIC SHOWS.

YOU ALWAYS GOTTA PLAY TO THE CROWD, SEE. WHEN YOU FINISH A TRICK, YOU GLANCE AT THE AUDIENCE RIGHT AWAY.

IF YOU DID IT RIGHT, MOST PEOPLE ARE READY TO GO ALONG WITH ANYTHING YOU DO NEXT. YOU DO THE REST OF THE SHOW FOR *THEM*.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE PERSON IN THE GROUP WHO ISN'T GOING TO BE CONVINCED. IGNORE THEM.

YOU NEVER PLAY TO THE SKEPTIC.



Y-YES. MACHINE'S FREEZING UP... HNNH... THAT'S ALL--

CHAMP! ABOVE YOU!

ROKKON?!

I SEE HIM.

I'VE GOT YOU, KID.

HNF!

NO. IT'S TOO LATE.

THEY'RE ALREADY--

RUVVAAH!

ALMOST THERE...

I'LL SCOUT AHEAD.





GET. YOUR DIRTY MONKEY PAWS.

OFF!

GHN!



I CLAIM THE BLADE FOR SNAKE MOUNTAIN!

NEEEEEIIII

FOR SKELETOR, LYN? PLEASE.



YOU'VE NEVER MET A CASTOFF RELIC YOU DIDN'T WANT FOR YOURSELF.

GAH!



YOU'RE FAR FROM THE PALACE, BODYGUARD. YOUR KING IS UNDEFENDED FROM ASSASSINS-- LIKE ME.



KEEP TALKING, CREEPY.



KRAK

WITHOUT SHADOWS TO CRAWL AROUND IN, YOU AREN'T CRAP.



STAY AWAY!!

YOU'RE STILL FOLLOWING SKELETOR? YOU SHOULD KNOW, **STINKOR...**

RNNF?!

NOT EVEN **YOUR** STENCH CAN COVER HIS.

REK BLERGHK!

GHAH!



RAARGH!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU THROW AT ME.

KATHOOM

SKELETOR-- HNF!

RRF!



YOU AREN'T GETTING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT SWORD.

OH, BUT HE-MAN...



IT'S SO MY COLOR.



YOU WANNA
GO IN *THERE*?
I'M A GHOST,
AND THAT PLACE
STILL SPOOKS
ME OUT.

YOUR
OBSERVATION
ABOUT GRAY'S
SUSPICIONS WAS
INTUITIVE, ORKO.



IT SEEMS
THERE'S MORE TO
THIS EVENT THAN
HISTORY HAS
RECORDED.

...I'LL
CALL THAT
A VICTORY,
MEN.



JUST DON'T CALL
US BEFORE NOON
TOMORROW. GOOD
NIGHT, YE SCALY
BASTARDS.



HERE'S TO
A PLACE AT
THE BLOODY
TABLE!



TO
PEACE,
SIRE!

YOU
DAMNED
USELESS
FOOL.

SLAM



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, HISS? VYPOR WILL HAVE YOU GUTTED FOR SUCH INSUBORDINATION.

PERHAPS ONCE, *GR'ASP*. BUT HE'S GROWN OLD AND SOFT, HIS VENOM DILUTED WITH MEAD.



VYPOR WOULD HAVE US SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE WITH ELDOR AND DEMO-MAN! KNOWLEDGE THE SNAKE MAN *BROUGHT* TO THIS BACKWATER WORLD!

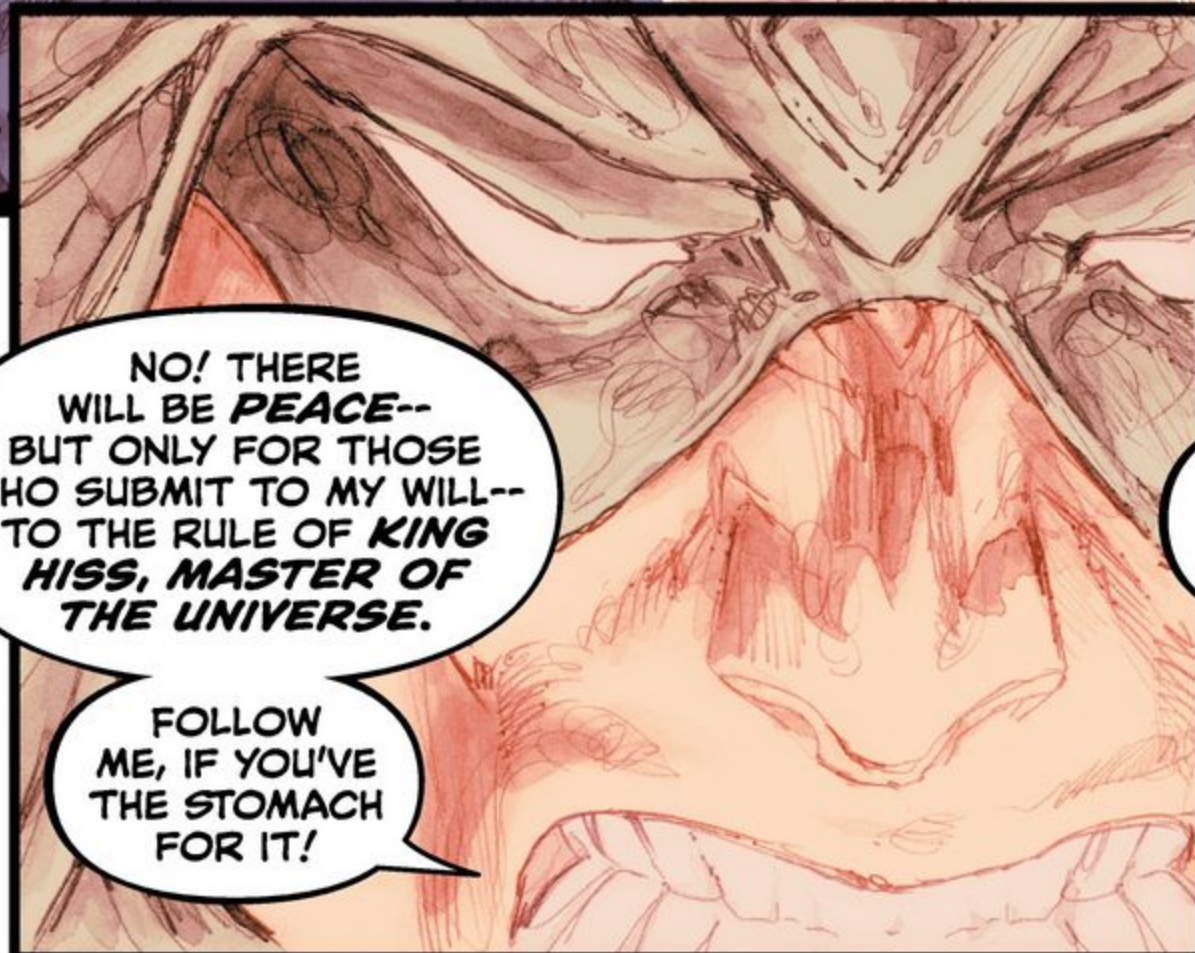
THESE BEINGS ARE INFERIOR APES! WHY SHOULD WE GIVE THEM POWER THEY DON'T DESERVE?!



THEN WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST WE DO?

WE SLIT VYPOR'S LONG THROAT AND DISMANTLE THE QUADRANT. THE GIANT *MEGATOR* WOULD SIDE WITH US.

THERE WILL BE WAR.



NO! THERE WILL BE *PEACE*-- BUT ONLY FOR THOSE WHO SUBMIT TO MY WILL-- TO THE RULE OF *KING HISS, MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE*.

FOLLOW ME, IF YOU'VE THE STOMACH FOR IT!



GRAY'S SKULL WILL BELONG TO THE SNAKE MEN!



NNH. NO...
THE VIOLET
DOOM... THIS...
THIS IS THE
HORIZON...

THIS...
IS WHERE
THE END
BEGINS.

YOU'VE
ALWAYS
STOOD IN
THE WAY,
HE-MAN!

BLOCKING THE
WAY TO MY TRUE
POTENTIAL WITH
YOUR MEATY
FRAME!

HNH!

SHRAK

AND IT'S
GETTING REALLY
DAMNED OLD!

YOUR
POTENTIAL?
SKELETOR...

SHRZAK

YOU'RE SMALL, PETTY,
AND SELF-ABSORBED.
YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED
BY ANYONE... HENCHMAN
OR ALLY.

SHRZAK

SHUT
UP.

AND A LEADER WHO
CAN'T BE TRUSTED
CAN'T LEAD. BUT
YOUR BIGGEST
FAULT?

SHOOT

SHUT
UP.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE
IN ANYTHING EXCEPT
THAT *YOU* DESERVE
MORE POWER.

SHUT
UP, DAMN
YOU!

YOU'RE
LUCKY YOU'VE
GOTTEN THIS
FAR.

**SHRAKA
BOOM**

NO!

DO US ALL A
FAVOR. GIVE IT
UP, BEFORE YOU
GET HURT.

NO...

HE-MAN...

LET SKELETOR TAKE THE
VIOLET BLADE...OR THE OLD
MAN'S FATHERLY WISDOM
WILL COOK INSIDE HIS
HELMET LIKE A STEW.

HNH.

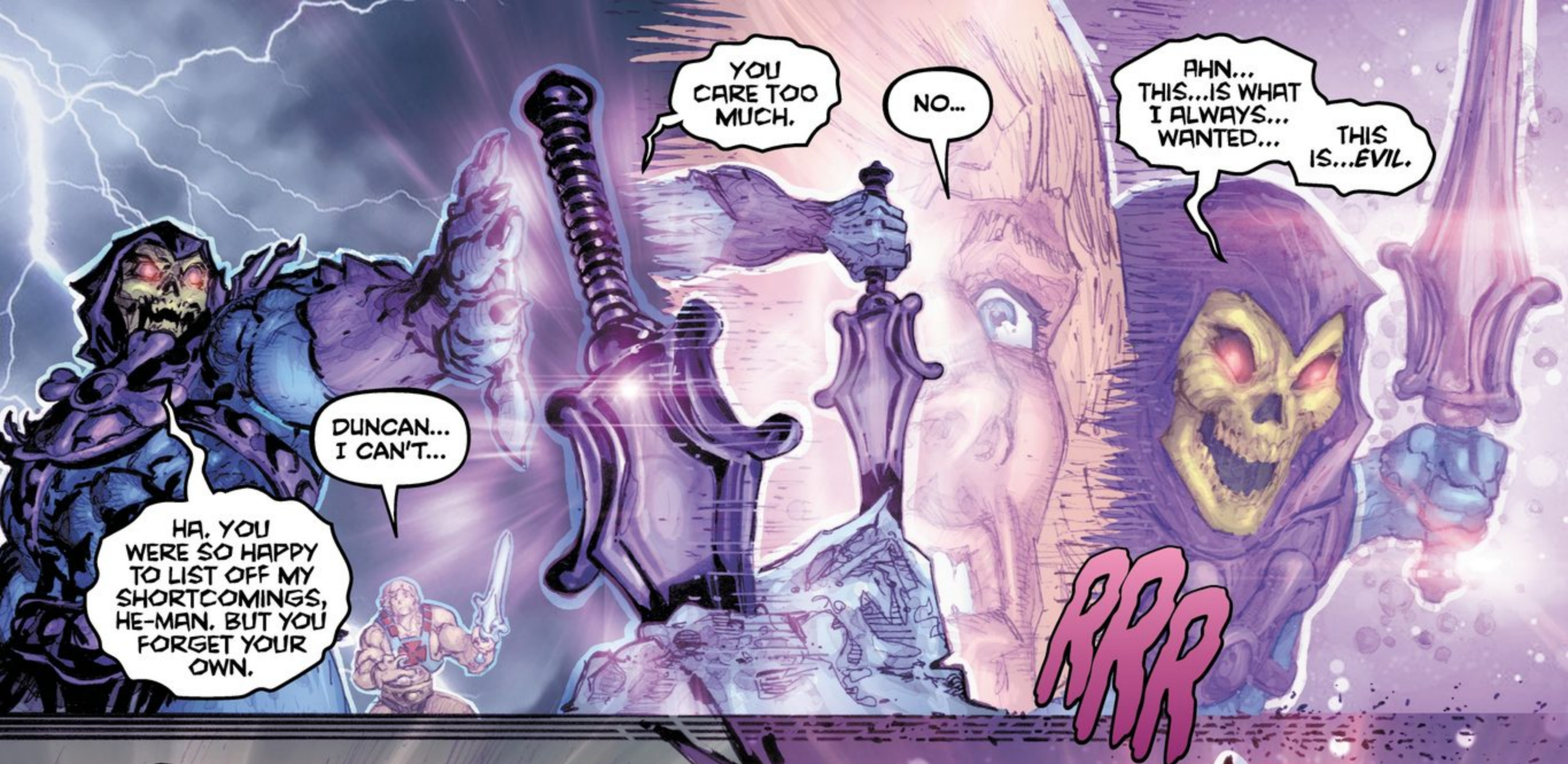
MAN-AT-ARMS...

HNH. HAHA.
AH, LYN... NO
WONDER I LET YOU
TALK ME INTO
THINGS.

DON'T
DO IT, HE-MAN.
THE SORCERESS
KNOWS...THE SWORD
IS TOO IMPORTANT.
ETERNIA IS AT
STAKE.

LET ME
DIE.

DAD!

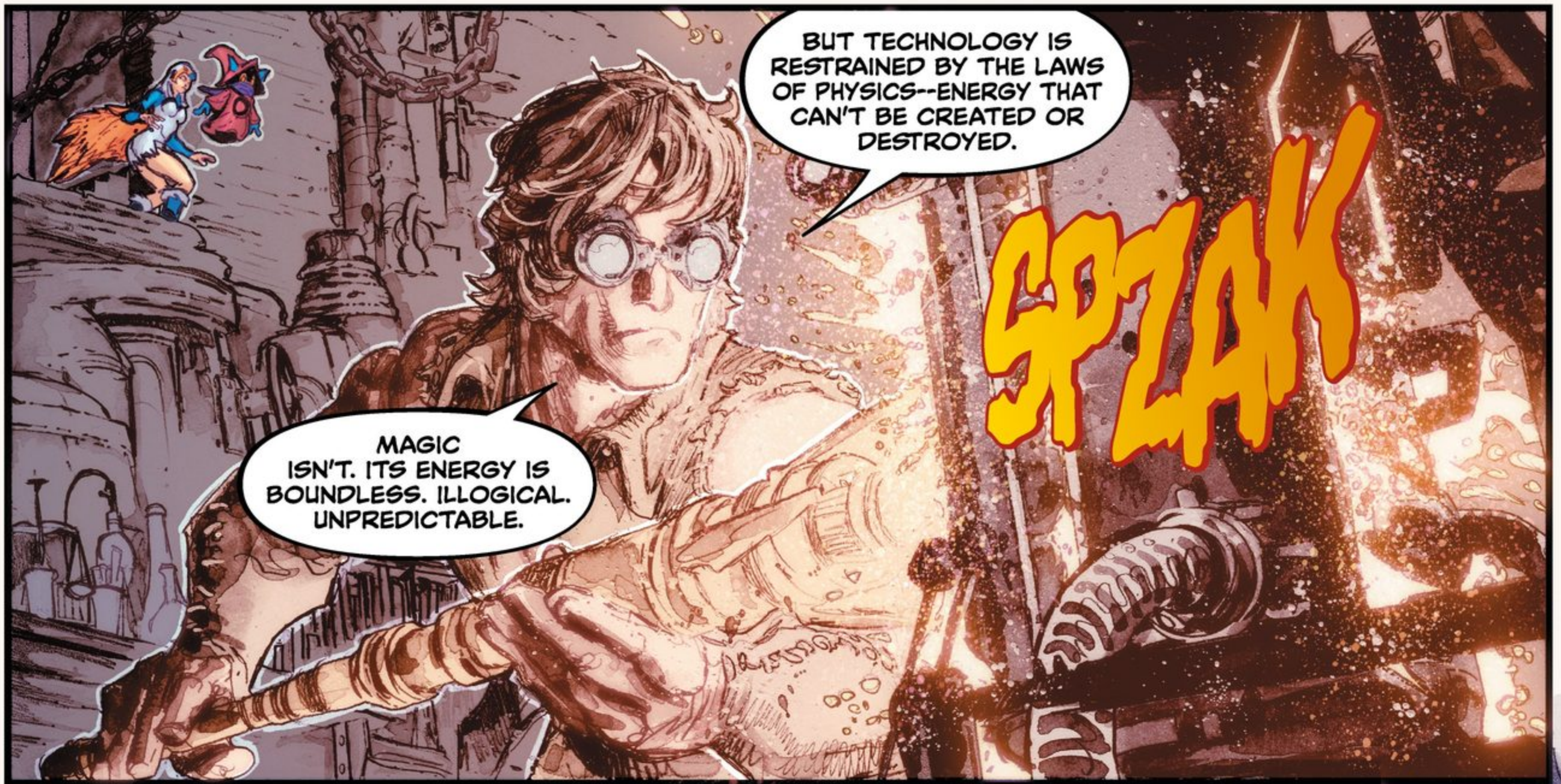




YOU WERE
RIGHT THAT I
BELIEVE ONLY
IN MY OWN
POWER...

BATTLE
CAT!!

AND
NOW...
SO WILL
YOU.



A comic book illustration featuring a character with a prosthetic arm reaching towards a glowing sword. The character is seen from behind, wearing a dark, textured tunic and a headband. The prosthetic arm is metallic and complex, with multiple joints and a sharp, blade-like tip. The sword is encased in a tall, cylindrical, metallic container that is open at the top, revealing a bright, glowing blade surrounded by a shower of orange sparks. The background is filled with intricate mechanical details, including pipes, valves, and gears, all rendered in a dark, industrial style. The overall color palette is dominated by purples, blues, and oranges, creating a dramatic and intense atmosphere.

THERE MUST
BE PROTECTION
AGAINST THE
POWER OF
GRAYSKULL.

The
SWORD
of **FLAWS** Part 3



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

